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a woman without a country

emma goldman

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Q Forget nationality ; think only of humanity : princes and kings only
have diverse interests; the people of all countries are friends. V. HUGO

A woman without A country

by emma goldman

THE title is perhaps misleading because, in a technical sense, I am not without a country. Legally I am a "subject of His Britannic Majesty." But in a deeper, spiritual sense, I am indeed a woman without a country, as I shall try to make plain in the course of this article.

¶ To have a country implies, first of all, the possession of a certain guarantee of security, the assurance of having some spot you can call your own and that no

AN AUTUMN SONG

from

PAUL VERLAINE

*For my sins
Violins
In the trees
Bruise my soul
With a dole
Of dull ease.*

*Things the bell
Have to tell
Send me deep
Through the ways
Of old days.
And I weep.*

*And am blown
By the tone
Of dead grief
To and fro.
To and fro.
Like a leaf.*

WITTER BYNNER

PARABLES OF AUTHORITY

By MULTATULI

INTRODUCTORY

In this collection, small of size, but large of contents, we offer the public a precious jewel, which will doubtless live a long, long time. For the Parables of Authority belong to the most beautiful that any literature has given. Sometime they will be ranged among the classics. Though simple they will take hold of the reader and carry him along. Who pictured authority better than Multatuli in his Second Parable?

Vosmaer, our literary connoisseur, whose studies on Multatuli's works are far superior to most of what has been written on them, called them "fine parables, which do not find their equal in our literature." Yes, if we were to give from the world literature an anthology of the best that ever was produced by the human mind, we would unquestionably make room for these Parables of Authority.

The characteristic of the classic is that it never tires and however often taken up again, always captivates and attracts. We have added the three immortal Tales from the "Love Letters," which may be considered as sequels and in so doing we give a beautiful ensemble in this collection.

If this does not attract, nothing does — as we may safely say and we hope therefore that many will show appreciation of this brilliant gem, by allowing as many as possible to enjoy it. . .

F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS

one can alienate from you. That is the essential significance of the idea of country, of citizenship. Divested of that, it becomes sheer mockery.

¶ Up to the World War citizenship actually did stand for such a guarantee. Save for an occasional exception in the more backward European countries, the native or naturalised citizen had the certainty that somewhere on this globe he was at home, in his own country, and that no reversals of personal fortune could deprive him of his inherent right to have his being there. Moreover, he was at liberty to visit other lands and wherever he might be he knew that he enjoyed the protection of his citizenship.

¶ But the War has entirely changed the situation. Together with countless lives it also destroyed the fundamental right to be, to exist in a given place with any degree of security. This peculiar and disquieting condition of affairs has been brought about by a usurpation of authority that is quite incredible, nothing short of divine. Every government now arrogates to itself the power to determine what person may or may not continue to live within its boundaries, with the result that thousands, even hundreds of thousands, are literally expatriated. Compelled to leave the country in which they happen to live at the time, they are set adrift in the world, their fate at the mercy of some bureaucrat vested with authority to decide whether they may enter "his" land. Vast numbers of men and women, even of

FIRST PARABLE

children, have been forced by the War into this terrible predicament. Hunted from place to place, driven hither and thither in their search for a spot where they might be permitted to breathe, they are never certain whether they may not be ordered at any moment to leave for other parts—where the same fate is awaiting them. Veritable Wandering Jews, these unfortunates, victims of a strange perversion of human reason that dares question any person's right to exist.

¶ From every "civilised" country men and women may now be expelled any time it suits the police or the government. It is not only foreigners who are thus virtually driven off the face of the earth. Since the World War citizens are also subject to the same treatment. Citizenship has become bankrupt: it has lost its essential meaning, its one-time guarantee. Today the native is no more safe in "his own" country than the citizen by adoption. Deprivation of citizenship, exile and deportation are practiced by every government; they have become established and accepted methods. So common are these proceedings that no one is any more shocked by them or made sufficiently indignant to voice an effective protest. Yet, for all their "legality," denaturalization and expatriation are of the most primitive and cruel inhumanity.

¶ The War has exacted a terrific price in the stupendous number of human lives lost, men maimed and crippled, countless hearts broken and homes de-

"Brother, who are taller than I, can you reach the pomegranate that laughs at me with open lips, yonder, in the green between the fire-flowers, like a maiden who is winking? See it has burst with ripeness and flaming red is the edge of the wound which it cut by itself in order to please me. I have a longing for this pomegranite, my brother. You who are taller than I, reach out your arm and pluck so I may eat."

And the brother did thus that the younger brother might eat.

And the elder brother went into the field and saw a mountain goat descending to the valley, seeking her young.

"Did you not see my kid," she asked the lion, "you who dwell on the plains and know better than I the roads of the level fields, so tiresome to me, because my hoof is cloven?"

"Let your young be your young . . . your kid be your kid," said the lion, "and step over that I may devour you."

And thus did the lion.

But the elder brother asked the lion:

"How is it that you eat the goat, that was seeking her young?"

"You have heard how she complained about the unfitness of her hoofs," replied the lion. "Was it not right for me to eat her? See how fit my claws are. Note the efficiency of my teeth. That is why I ate the goat."

The lad reflected and looked at his arms, that were long and strong and firm. He considered them so fit . . . that he resolved to force his younger brother to serve him.

And when the latter asked him again to pluck fruit, he answered:

"Look at my arms! Did you not say that yours cannot reach the pomegranite? Serve me so that

I may not devour you."

Since that time the younger brother served the elder one. But he did not enjoy the discovery for which the elder brother had to thank the lion.

And thus it has remained to this day.

*

SECOND PARABLE

Voltaire said: "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Certainly. All power is from God. Whoso wills power, wills God. Whoso has need of power, creates himself a god. Thus did Moses, Confucius, Zoroaster, Numa, Columbus, Cortez. Thus did all leaders of the people, soothsayers, magicians, priests. This is still done now adays by everyone who wants to reign. The number of gods is as large as the number of desires. With every new desire a new god

Holloway (a quack of reputation who sold patent medicines) creates gods from unknown physicians who order you to buy his pills. "Thus speaketh the Lord," says Moses, and "thus Dr. so-and-so," says Holloway. Obey and buy. And both add: "so that your soul may not perish."

A servant girl went out with her Master's children. She was ordered to watch them carefully. But, see, the children were disobedient, and strayed so far, that her supervision became insufficient, and her care futile.

Then she created out of "nothing" a black dog, which would bite every child who did not remain near her. And the children were afraid of this dog, became very obedient, and remained near her. Taking counsel with her heart she contemplated the god, whom she created, and saw that he was useful.

But the children became insane for fear of this dog.

And thus they remained to this day.

stroyed. But even more fearful is the effect of that holocaust upon the living. It has dehumanised and brutalised mankind, has injected the poison of hatred into our hearts, has roused man's worst instincts, made life cheap, and human safety and liberty of the smallest consideration. Intolerance and reaction are rampant, and their destructive spirit is nowhere so evident as in the growing despotism of official authority and in its autocratic attitude toward all criticism and opposition. A wave of political dictatorship is sweeping Europe, with its inevitable evils of irresponsible arbitrariness and oppression. Fundamental rights are being abolished, vital ethical conceptions scorned and flouted. Our most precious possession, the cultural values which it has taken centuries to create and develop, are being destroyed. Brute force has become the sole arbiter, and its verdict is accepted with the servile assent of silence, often even with approval.

¶ Till 1917 the United States had fortunately not become affected by the internecine madness which was devastating the Old World. The idea of war was very unpopular, and American sentiment was virtually unanimous against mixing up in the European imbroglio. Then, suddenly, the entire situation changed: a peace-insisting nation was transformed, almost overnight, into a martial maniac run amuck. A study of that strange phenomenon would no doubt be an interesting contribution to our understanding of col-

THIRD PARABLE

A traveller was laden with gold and silver. For fear of robbers he provided himself with weapons. Besides, his servants followed him in great numbers, and they were even more numerous than all the robbers together of the whole country. He was armed and accompanied so well that an entire army would not have been able to take the wealth away from him.

Some of the robbers, not knowing this, attacked him, but would have repented a long time, if they had not been slain immediately.

A robber who became cautious on account of his brothers' example consulted a holy hermit who knew a solution for everything because he had been long alone with a skull and two cross bones and a jug of water.

"What should I do, O, old man, to become master of the treasures of this traveller?"

"The remedy is very simple," replied the devout hermit. "Throw the noose round his neck which I will give you, then he will offer no resistance. He will order his servants to bow down into the dust for you and he will give you whatever you desire."

And it happened as the holy man said. But the traveller and his companions fared very badly because of this.

That noose was called "Belief" and has kept its power to this day.

*

FOURTH PARABLE

"Oh, father, tell me, why is it that the sun does not fall down?"

The father was ashamed because he did not know why the sun does not fall, and he punished his child because he felt ashamed.

The child feared his father's anger and never again questioned, neither why the sun does not fall, nor other matters which it desired to know so very much.

The child never grew up a man, although it lived on for six thousand years . . . no, much longer.

It remained stupid to this day.

*

FIFTH PARABLE

"Whither, Oh, Philoinos?" asked Hudor his comrade, whom he met on the streets of Athens.

I am in a hurry to drink the three pints of bad wine, which are waiting for me at the most ugly of my three mistresses," replied Philoinos reeling.

For he was already drunk.

"Come along, I fear you have wine enough, and mistresses too many.

"Three, Hudor, Three!" The Master said so! "THREE . . ." he said!

"The Master did not speak of wine, neither of mistresses, come with me . . .

"He said: THREE . . . THREE . . .

And Philoinos fell down for the third time that night. But this time he remained lying.

And he remained lying to this day.

*

SIXTH PARABLE

A child was born for the first time! The mother was in ecstasy and the father also looked at it with profound love.

"But, Genius, tell me, shall it always remain so small?" asked the mother, and she added: "lo, I myself do not know if I desire this! Gladly I would like to see it as big as a man, but

symptom of non-conformism or dissent. I am referring to the notorious anti-anarchist law, which for the first time in the history of the United States introduced the principle of government by deportation. Persons suspected of anarchist tendencies, disbelievers in organised government, were not to be allowed entry to the United States, the land of the free; or, if already there could be sent out of the country within a period of three years. According to that law men like Tolstoy and Kropotkin would have been refused permission to visit the United States, or deported if found within its boundaries.

¶ That law, however, product of a short-lived panic, virtually remained a dead letter. But the war-time psychosis revived the forgotten anti-anarchist statutes and broadened them to include everyone who was persona non grata to the powers that be, without the benefit of time limitation. There began a national hunt for "undesirables." Men and women were gathered in by the hundred, arrested on the street or taken from their work-benches, to be administratively deported, without hearing or trial, frequently because of their foreign appearance or on account of wearing a red shawl or necktie.

¶ The war cyclone, having swept Europe, gained increased momentum in America. The movement to make the world safe for democracy and liberty, solidly supported by the "liberal" intelligentsia of press and pulpit, made the United States the most dangerous

place for democrat and libertarian. An official reign of terror ruled the country, and thousands of young men were literally driven into the army and navy for fear of their neighbours and of the stigma of "slacker" cast upon everyone in civilian dress—cast mostly by idle ladies of fashion who paraded the streets to aid the cause of "humanity." Everyone who dared raise his voice to stem the tide of the war-mania was shouted down and maltreated as an enemy, an anarchist and public menace. Jails and prisons were filled with men and women ordered deported. Most of them were persons that had lived many years in their adopted country, peacefully following their vocations; some of the others had spent almost their entire lives in America. But length of sojourn and useful occupation made no difference. The great Government of the United States stooped even to the subterfuge of secretly depriving naturalised citizens of their citizenship, so as to be able to deport them as "undesirable foreigners."

¶ Future historians will wonder at the peculiar phenomenon of American war psychology: while Europe experienced its worst reaction as a result of the war, the United States—in keeping with its spirit of "get there first"—reached its greatest reactionary zenith before entering the war. Without warning, as it were, it forswore all its revolutionary traditions and customs, openly and without shame, and introduced the worst practices of the Old

still it would be a pity if it changed so much that I could no longer carry it and feed it with myself."

"Your child will grow to be a man," said the Genius. "It will not keep on feeding from you. There will come a time when it will not be carried by you."

"Oh, Genius!" exclaimed the mother frightened, "will my child go away? If it can walk, will it then go away from me? What must I do, so that my child will not go away from me, when it can walk?"

"Love your child," said the Genius.

So it was! and so it remained for some time. But then many children were born. And it was too troublesome for many parents to love all those children.

Then some one made a commandment to replace love, like many commandments do. For it is easier to give a commandment than to give love.

Honour your father and your mother!

The children left their parents as soon as they were able to walk. Then there was added to the commandment a promise:

That it may be well with you!

Then some of the children remained with their parents. But they did not remain the way the first mother meant, when she asked the Genius: "What must I do, that my child shall not go away from me, as soon as it can walk?"

And so it has remained to this day.

*

SEVENTH PARABLE

Le premier roi fut un soldat heureux! said Voltaire, but I don't know if it is true. There is as much chance—yes even more!—that the first king was one who knew about hermits who

furnished nooses. But the following story is true.

KRATES was very strong. He clipped parapets of tree trunks down with thumb and middle-finger, and could slay thirteen fiends with one blow. When he coughed there came a fire from air compression, and the moon shook, when he thought of motion.

Because of all these merits KRATES became king.

And he died after having been king for a long time.

KRATES would probably have had to rise from the chair which he named throne, if an old nurse had not thus spoken to the people:

"Hear me, O people, for I was the nurse of the little KRATES, when he was still smaller than he is now. When he was born, his father anointed his head with oil and lo, a drop of the oil fell on the head of my foster-child. It is therefore unnecessary that he clip down walls, and neither is it necessary that the moon shake, or that he make a fire by coughing, and I say unto you . . ."

But the eloquent nurse did not need to finish. The conclusion was so easy to grasp, that all the people — the editors of the opposition paper loudest of all — cried out, as if with one voice:

"Long live the anointed of the Lord!"

And KRATES kept his place on the chair which he named throne.

And he remained on that seat to this day.

*

EIGHTH PARABLE

Thugater milked her father's cows, and she milked them well, for the milk she brought home furnished more butter than the milk which her brothers brought home. I will tell you, why this was so, and be very attentive. Fancy, so you

World. With no more hesitation than necessary it transplanted to America methods of autocracy which had required centuries to develop in Europe, and it initiated expatriation, exile and deportation on a whole scale, irrespective of any considerations of equity and humanity.

¶ To be sure, the pacifist intellectuals who prepared America for war solemnly insisted that the summary abrogation of constitutional rights and liberties was a temporary measure necessitated by the exigencies of the situation, and that all war-legislation was to be abolished as soon as the world would be made safe for democracy. But more than a decade has passed since, and in vain I have been scanning American newspapers, journals and magazines for the least indication of the promised return to normalcy. It is easier to make laws than abolish them, and oppressive laws are particularly notorious for their longevity.

¶ With its habitual recklessness it has outdone the effete Old World in "preparedness." The former great democracy of Thomas Jefferson, the land of Paine and Emerson, the one-time rebel against State and Church, has turned persecutor of every social protestant. The historic champion of the revolutionary principle, "No taxation without representation," compelled its people to fight in a war waged without their consent! The refuge of the Garibaldis, the Kossuths and Schurz practices deportation of heretics. America, whose

official functions always begin with a prayer to the Nazarene who had commanded "Thou shalt not kill:" has imprisoned and tortured men who scrupled to take human life, and has hounded those who proclaimed "peace and good will on earth." Once a haven for the persecuted and oppressed of other lands, the United States has since shut its doors in the face of those seeking refuge from the tyrant. A new twentieth-century Golgotha for its "foreign" Saccos and Vanzettis, it silences its native "undesirables," its Mooneys and Billingses, by burying them alive in prison. It glorifies its flying Lindberghs, but damns their thinking fathers. It crucifies manhood and expatriates opinion.

¶ The practice of deportation places America, in a cultural sense, far below the European level. Indeed, there is less freedom of thought in the United States than in the Old World. Few countries are as unsafe for the man or woman of independence and idealism. No offence more heinous there than an unconventional attitude; every crime may be forgiven but that of unapproved opinion. The heretic is anathema, the iconoclast the worst culprit. For such there is no room in the great United States. In a singular manner that country combines industrial initiative and economic self-help with an almost absolute taboo against ethical freedom and cultural expression. Morals and behavior are prescribed by draconic censorship, and woe to him who dares

know it, if you should once be milking cows. But I do not say this to you, so that you should milk like Thugater, but to make you notice the example of her *brothers*, who did better by milking less efficiently. More *sensible* at least.

Before the young countrymen come to the meadow, yes, long before that time, the cows stand waiting at the gate to be discharged of the abundance which they properly prepared for their calves. But men eat those calves, *because they feel the efficiency hereto* and then there is too much milk in the udders.

What is happening now while the cows are waiting with stupid faces at the gate? While they stand motionless in this way, the lightest part of the milk, the cream, the butter float upward and lies thus furthest from the nipple.

Whoso milks patiently, to the end, thus brings home fat milk. Whoso is in a hurry, leaves cream behind.

And notice, Thugater was *not* in a hurry, but her brothers were.

The latter ones claimed the right to something else than milking their father's cows. But *she* did not think of her right.

"My father taught me to shoot with bow and arrow," said one of the brothers. "I can live by hunting and wandering through the world and work myself."

"He taught me fishing," a second one said. "I would be insane to milk always for someone else."

"He showed me how to make a boat," cried the third one. "I cut down a tree and then I go and sit on it in the water. I want to know what there is to be seen on the other side of the lake."

"I have a desire to live with the blonde woman," declared a fourth one, "so that I may have a house of my own with *Thugaters* in

it, to milk for me."

Thus every brother had a wish, a will, a desire. And they were so occupied with their inclinations that they did not take time to milk the cream, which the cows had to keep very disconsolately, without benefit to anyone.

But Thugater milked to the last drop.

"Father," finally cried the brothers, "we are going."

"Who will do the milking?" asked the father.

"Well, Thugater will do it."

"How about it if she gets a desire for sailing, fishing, hunting, seeing the world? How, if she gets the notion to live with some one blonde or brown, so that she may have her own home, and all that goes with it? I can do without you folks, but not without her . . . because the milk she brings home is so rich in cream."

Then the sons said, after some consideration:

"Father, do not teach her anything! Do not show her the stretched cord, while contracting shoots the arrow: then she will have no desire for hunting. Keep it a secret to her how the fish have the habit of swallowing the pointed hook, if it is covered with some bait: then she will not think of throwing hooks nor nets. Do not teach her to hollow out a tree, and to float with it to the other side of the lake: then she will have no desire to cross the lake. And let her never know how she can obtain a blonde or brunet, that she may have her own home and all that goes with it. Never let her know of all these, Oh, father, then she will stay with you and the milk of your cows will be rich. In the mean time . . . father, let us depart, each one according to his desire."

Thus spoke the sons. But the father — who was very cautious — replied:

"Ah, who will prevent her from knowing, what she was not taught? How will it be if she sees

step out of the beaten path. By substituting rule by deportation for its fundamental law, America has recorded itself thoroughly reactionary. It has erected formidable barriers against its cultural development and progress. In the last analysis such policies are a means of depriving the people of the finer values and higher aspirations. The great body of labor is, of course, the most direct victim of this menace. It is designed to stifle industrial discontent, to eliminate the spokesmen of popular unrest, and subjugate the inarticulate masses to the will of the masters of life.

Unfortunately it is the workers themselves who are the main bulwark of reaction. No body of any toilers in any country is as mentally undeveloped and as lacking in economic consciousness as the American Federation of Labor. The horizon of their leaders is sadly limited, their social short-sightedness positively infantile. Their role in the World War days was most pitiful and subservient in their vieing to outdo each other as trade drummers for the Moloch of slaughter. They championed the most reactionary measures, too fatuous to understand that the same will remain a post-war weapon in the hands of the employers of labor. They learned nothing from past experience and have forgotten the lesson of the Sherman Law, passed by the efforts of the workers to check the industrial trusts but since applied by the American courts to weaken and emasculate

the organizations of labor. As was to be foreseen, the "temporary" war legislation, sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, is now being used in the industrial struggles against the toilers.

¶ It was Fridjof Nansen, the famous explorer, who was one of the first to realise the far-reaching effects of the war psychosis in relation to these expatriated. He introduced the special passport that bears his name and which is designed to insure at least a modicum of safety to the increasing number of refugees. Because of Nansen's great services in organizing the millions of homeless and parentless children during the war, the League of Nations was induced to approve his project and established the so-called Nansen passport. Few countries, however, recognise its validity, and that half-heartedly, and in no case does it guarantee its holder against exile and deportation. But the very fact of its existence goes to prove the havoc wrought by post-war developments in the matter of citizenship and the utterly wretched situation of the thousands of expatriated and countryless.

¶ It should not be assumed that the latter consists mostly of political refugees. In that huge army of exile there are great numbers of entirely a-political people, of men and women whom territorial rapacity and the Versailles "peace" have deprived of their country. Most of them do not even get the benefit of the Nansen passport, since

the bluefly sail on a floating twig? How, if the stretched thread of her spinning goes back to its former length and rapidly shrinking, accidentally drives on the spool of her weaving loom? Suppose she spies at the shore of a brook the fish, which bites after the wriggling little worm, but missing because of uncontrolled greed, gets itself hooked up by the sharp reed? And, finally, suppose she finds the little nests which the larks build themselves in the clover during the month of May?"

The sons again reflected and said:

"Father, she will learn nothing from that. She is too stupid to create desire from knowledge. Neither would we have known anything, if you had told us nothing."

But, the father replied:

"No, stupid she is not. I fear she will learn by herself what you have not learnt without me. Thugater is certainly not stupid."

"Father, tell her that to know, to understand and to desire . . . is sinful for a girl!"

This time the cautious father remained contented. He let his sons depart to their pursuits of fishing, hunting, seeing the world, permitting them to marry . . . and everything else.

But he prohibited Thugater to know, to understand and to desire, and in her foolishness she continued milking until the end.

And thus it remained to this day.

From the Dutch by Milly van Rhyn-Jacobs

BY CHARLES E. S. WOOD

¶ "A government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth." Has it ever existed? So long as there is government as now understood, commanding all things, interfering in all things, so long will its commands and interference be in the interest of a few. It has always been so; it will always be so. It is in the nature of things that it should be so. Allow government to levy a protective tariff, and surely that will be used to endow a few shrewd ones at the expense of the many. Allow a government to say what must be currency, and surely it will declare as the scheming few desire. Allow a government to possess the title to all vacant land and the power to give it away, and that power will be exercised for the grasping, predatory few. A government of the people, by the people, for the people—is it?

¶ If there is anything the mass of the people desire more than another, it is to see the great avenues of transportation, the railroads, "controlled," "regulated." The last congress so amended the interstate commerce act that the only check upon unlawful rebates and discrimination by rail-

the latter is intended only for the political refugees of certain nationalities. Thus thousands find themselves without legal papers of any kind, and in consequence may not be permitted to stay anywhere. A young woman of my acquaintance, for instance, a person who has never been interested in any social or political activities, is at this very moment adrift in this Christian world of ours, without the right of making any country her home, without fatherland or abode, and constantly at the mercy of the passport police. Though a native of Germany, she is refused citizenship in that country because her father (now dead) was an Austrian. Austria, on the other hand, does not recognise her a citizen because her father's birthplace, formerly belonging to Austria, has by the terms of the Versailles treaty become part of Rumania. Rumania, finally, declines to consider the young woman as a citizen on the ground that she is not a native, and never lived in the country, does not speak its language and has no relatives there. The unfortunate woman is literally without a country, with no legal right to live anywhere on earth, save by the temporary toleration of some passport officials.

¶ Still more hazardous is the existence of the vast army of political refugees and expatriated. They live in ever-present fear of being deported, and such a doom is equivalent to a sentence of death when these men are returned, as is only too often the case, to coun-

tries ruled by dictatorships. Quite recently a man I know was arrested in the place of his sojourn and ordered deported to his native land, which happened to be Italy. Had the order been carried out, it would have meant torture and execution. I am familiar with a number of cases of political refugees not permitted to remain in the countries where they had sought refuge and deported to Spain, Hungary, Rumania or Bulgaria, where their lives are in jeopardy. For the arm of reaction is long. Thus Poland has on several occasions lately decreed the deportation of Russian political refugees to their native country, where the Tcheka executioner was ready to receive them. It was only through the timely intercession of influential friends abroad that the men and their families were saved from certain death. European despotism reaches even across the seas, to the United States and South America; repeatedly politicals of Spanish and Italian descent have been deported to their native lands as an act of "courtesy" to a friendly power.

¶ These are not exceptional instances. Large numbers of refugees are in a similar position. Not to speak of the thousands of non-political, denaturalized and expatriated and despoiled of abode. In Turkey and France, to mention two countries only, there are at present over half a million of them, victims of the World War, of Fascism, of Bolshevism, of Post-war territorial changes and of the mania for exiling

roads is a criminal proceeding to recover a fine never to exceed twenty thousand dollars. Any lawyer will tell you that these proceedings are so difficult in the evidence, so guarded by legal rules resolving every *doubt* in favor of the accused, that they are a hopeless and useless regulation, never resorted to. If these lawgivers were the representatives of the *people*, why did they not sanction the obvious and easy course that the man discriminated against could recover back, in any ordinary civil action, the difference between his rate and the rate to secretly-favored shippers?

¶ A government of the people, by the people, for the people—is it? If there is anything the masses are now agreed upon, it is that at least those protective favors to trust-made articles be abolished. Has it been done? Has president or Cuba or any one been able to move the “representatives of the people” to lay a finger on the sacred tariff, which is now known even to the ignorant as robbery by law of the masses for the pockets of the few? These are mere instances, which might be multiplied. Let each ask himself, as he surveys any State legislature or the congress: Do they represent the people, or the powers of the land? Do they make laws for the people or the powers? Do they merely throw dust in the eyes of the people, and give gold to the privileged few?

¶ There can be but one answer. Legislatures everywhere are made up of men selected by bosses, and sent there for the purposes of the powers. The people today are still ignorant, still deceived, still long-suffering, as in the days of Caesar Augustus or Lorenzo di Medici.

¶ If you saw a man with a firebrand at your haystack, would you take the firebrand from him, or leave it in his hand? If you saw a man sharpening a knife to cut your heart out, would you leave the knife in his hand? Is it not wise to deprive any man of a dangerous weapon which he uses dangerously? Would it not be wise to have less "representative" legislation since the "representatives" have always been, and in the nature of things will always be, the cunning, palavering tools of monopoly-fattened lords? As we find laws to be only in the interest of these scheming privilege barons, would it not be well if the people deprived their representatives of the right to make laws, took away the firebrand and the knife? Would it not be well to at least say to "government": "Your title to land is the same as the old feudal overlord's. You claim it as Sovereign. We say vacant land is open to him who would actually settle upon it and use it? Would it not be well to make actual use and possession the title, not the "Sovereign's" paper deed giving to him who never saw them thousands of acres he

and deporting. Most of them are being merely tolerated, for the time being, and are always subject to an order to "move on" — somewhere else. Lesser but still very considerable numbers are scattered throughout the world, particularly in Belgium, Holland, Germany and in the various countries of Southern Europe.

¶ There is nothing more tragic than the fate of those men and women thrown upon the mercy of our Christian world. I know from personal experience what it means to be torn out of the environment of a lifetime, dug out by the very roots from the soil you have had your being in, compelled to leave the work to which all your energies have been devoted, and to part from those nearest and dearest to you. Most disastrous are the effects of such expatriation particularly on persons of mature age, as were the greater number of those deported by America. Youth may adapt itself more readily to a new environment and acclimatise itself in a strange world. But for those of more advanced age such transplantation is a veritable crucifixion. It requires years of application to master the language, custom and habits of a new land, and a very long time to take root, to form new ties and secure one's material existence, — not to speak of the mental anguish and agony a sensitive person suffers in the face of wrong and inhumanity.

¶ As for myself, in the deeper significance of spiritual values, I feel the U-

nited States "my country." Not to be sure, the United States of the Ku Kluxers, of moral censors in and out of office, of the suppressionists and reactionaries of every type. Not the America of Tammany or of Congress, of respectable inanity, of the highest skyscrapers and fattest moneybags. Not the United States of petty provincialism, narrow nationalism, vain materialism and naive exaggeration. There is, fortunately, another United States — the land of Walt Whitmans, the Lloyd Garrisons, the Thoreaus, the Wendell Phillipses. The country of Young America of life and thought, or of art and letters; the America of the new generation knocking at the door, of men and women with ideals, with aspirations for a better day; the America of social rebellion and spiritual promise, of the glorious "undesirables" against whom all the exile, expatriation and deportation laws are aimed.

¶ It is to THAT America that I am proud to belong.



WOODCUT

BY LUCE BLOCH

never expects to visit. How long would the coal monopoly last, if its paper title were abrogated and vacant coal land open to use by whomsoever would mine it? Would it not be well to say to this government, which more than all else is the shrewd tool of the grasping monopolist: In commerce, in money, in tariff, in land, you shall have no power whatever, but all men, freed from your blighting grasp, shall have equal liberty, without either the privilege or the burden of your laws?"

REPUTATIONS

BY WILLIAM PLATT

You see that poor, sad prostitute at the street corner . . . ?

A certain poet, when they were maid and youth, loved her; he left her with a babe to bear all the shame.

But out of her grief he made a famous poem—Do you remember it?

Do you remember the lines where he makes the sad, betrayed heroine say that the feelings that led to her ruin were the holiest in her nature . . . ?

Of their love he left her all the sting; of their poem he took all the glory.

« this too shall pass »

BY ROSE FREEMAN-ISHILL



HE wind like an envious hag hurling
through tootless spaces
Shrill damnations of beauty and
prophecies of death,
Brow-beats the trees, who yield in bleak
unguarded places

Their cloaks of colorful sin to her devastating breath.

Ugly as penitence after long satiation,
The trees flaunt scarry limbs in all their sterile
boldness,
Till the gradual season shifts. and a sappy, sweet
elation
Stirs evanescent warmth from evanescent coldness.



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